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we are to make our life work, we would not have spent our time in vain, and should be given credit by American institutions for the months thus passed, even though we had no certificate to present on our return. As seen from the foregoing remarks, with the exception of the course in Phonetics offered at the *Centro* by Navarro Tomás, and perhaps some work with Menéndez Pidal at the *Universidad Central*, there is, when we consider the courses actually offered, little, in comparison with the superior work he may obtain at home, to induce the graduate student to take "courses" in Spain. The value of his year or two semesters there (let him stay a year if possible, or two months, if he cannot stay more), lies in, first, the opportunity he has had for research work, and, second, in the mere fact that he *has been in Spain*. If to receive credit from his home university he brings back a certificate of attendance from either the *Centro* or the Central University, it will be the thing he prizes least of all. It is the *intangible* that he should be induced to seek, for he cannot but return a more sympathetic and more successful teacher of Spanish. Few graduate students are rich, and most of us are sincerely ambitious of thoroughly understanding the literature we teach and of mastering our subject, and we may, I think, safely be trusted not to waste our time. I plead in behalf of other graduate students, that credit be given by American universities for mere sojourn in Spain or in France.

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Reviews

THE SOPHOMORE AND THE TIGER

PAGES FRANÇAISES par **GEORGES CLEMENCEAU**. Edited with Introduction and Notes by **REGIS MICHAUD**. Scott, Foresman and Company. 1921. pp. 25+182+42.

If it be true that one of our chief purposes in studying a foreign language is to catch something of the spirit of the foreign country, the surest means of accomplishing that purpose would seem to be through the utterances of the country's most representative citizens. The accident that Julius Caesar wrote well is not the only reason for the appearance of the *Commentaries* in all high

school curricula. If actions do not speak louder than words to the language teacher in search of a text which will keep his classes from nodding and give them something of permanent use to them, they are at least not entirely silent. The most influential and most remarkable Frenchman of this generation deserves a college hearing, if he has something to say and knows how to say it acceptably.

There is no question that Clemenceau, the writer, has a message and that he delivers it forcibly. There is little in French literature or any literature more impetuously or magnificently true than the *Profession de Foi* which M. Clemenceau's editor prints at the head of his series of selections; and probably every essay in the little volume has merit. The only question is whether Clemenceau can be "put across" to a class of American undergraduates. In the first place, Clemenceau is almost always hard reading. His simplest stories, his most unambitious sketches, bristle with words which the sophomore never saw before and will not often see again, with formidable philosophizing, with recondite allusions, and are not entirely free from involved and carelessly constructed sentences. That work of his which is most suitable in the college class in matter is often lacking in surface charm, and certain dashing effusions which could not fail to delight all lovers of verve and cleverness are bitter, abusive, irreverent, or too free for Anglo-Saxon ears. Professor Michaud's most difficult task must have been the choice of his material. In this choice he has shown admirably good taste. But has he not been too cautious? Would it not have been possible, behind the buckler of a very emphatic reminder that Clemenceau defended Dreyfus nobly, that he always grows violent at the most distant suspicion of hypocrisy (in other words, at all orthodoxy), that he hammers the Catholics at least as relentlessly as he does the Jews, and that in general his roaring is almost as innocent of malice as the performance of Bottom the weaver, to include some of his marvelous Hebrew caricatures, the hilarious *Gédéon dans sa tombe* from *Aux Embuscades de la vie*, the whimsical *Comment je devins Presbyte* from *Au Pied du Sinaï* (which inimitable collection Professor Michaud entirely ignores), the thrilling *Baron Moïse* or the stern and terrible *Schlomé le Batailleur*, worthy companions to Kleist's *Michael Kohlhaas*? And must college students,—some of whom are even allowed to study medicine,—be deprived of the artistic delight of that masterpiece of suppressed horror, *Union assortie*? Some questionable material might have become available through a little expurgation; for example, the pigeon stories in the *Embuscades*; and there are some touching animal sketches in *Le Grand Pan*. Professor Michaud has shown his good judgment by using two of Clemenceau's finest narrative sketches, *La Roulette* from *Au Fil des Jours* and *Six-Sous* from the *Embuscades*, this latter so curiously like Blanco-Fom-

bona's *Molinos de Maiz*; but for a school text there is too little of this sort and too much of the austere and difficult.

The editorial work is admirably done. There is no vocabulary, and there is little need for one, since only advanced classes could read the book with profit, but there are notes not only on Clemenceau's text but also on the editor's own spirited French introduction, whose only serious weakness is its over-meaty Section Two. When the sophomore, or even the junior, is informed that "Les pessimistes ne sont pas tous des Hartmann ou des Leopardi," and seeking enlightenment in the notes, is turned away with the cold comfort that Hartmann was a German philosopher who was born in 1842 and died in 1906 and that Leopardi was an Italian poet who flourished somewhat earlier, he has not traveled far toward learning either what all pessimists are, or what they are not. It is true in general that both Clemenceau and his editor have given us text so crammed with allusions that there is need of much more copious notes than the book carries.

Professor Michaud's work is admirably free from errors. The reviewer has found two or three misprints, with a larger number of infelicitous translations in the notes, but there are certainly few first editions on the market, if any, which are freer from blunders. The editor has done a fine piece of work. But we would suggest that when he publishes his revised edition, he play a little more to the gallery.

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POUR PARLER FRANÇAIS. With conversation, Grammar Reviews, Drills, and Composition By LUCIEN FOURNON AND JAS. F. BROUSSARD. VIII+288 pp. New York. D. C. Heath & Co. 1921.

In their preface the authors state that they "have departed from the usual conversation books which so frequently degenerate into dictionaries of everyday phrases." The purpose of the book is "to develop an active vocabulary so that the instructor and the student can converse about things *known to* and *lived by* the student, and not about things he must *imagine*," and "to accomplish their purpose the authors have written a text in the language of the day, replete with *phrases de tous les jours*, proverbs and sayings, anecdotes, and idiomatic expressions in common use. A determined effort was made to avoid the purely literary style and to give the student only the language that he himself could use in informal conversation." "To give the student practice in the use of the correct conversational past tense, the authors have written the text in the *passé indéfini*, not in the *passé défini*."